3d.

A NEW
LETANY
For the General
FAST DAY.

19. May. 1690
A scandalous Libell on our most Gracious King Wm & Q. Mary.

FRom Shamming Three Nations by New-coin'd Inventions,
From Uſurping the Crown by Religious Pretentions,
From Hot-headed Peers, and Self-made Conventions,
Deliver us good Lord deliver us.

From making Kings ſhorter by th' Head with a ſtroak,
From thruſting our Necks int' a Sanctify'd Yoak,
From a Surplice that ſtinks of a Puritan Cloak,
Deliver us, &c.

From building New Houſes without good Foundations,
From the diſmal Effects of Dutch Innovations,
From New-minted Prayers, and Church Reformations,
Deliver us, &c.

From breaking Commandments by a Law void of Reaſon,
From a Q—— fit for naught but the Rabble to gaze on,
From Loyalty wreſted to Faction and Treaſon,
Deliver us, &c.

From *Oates*'s Black Bills, and all Scurrilous Libels,
From inviſible Grid-Irons, and torturing Sham-Bridles,
From *Luther*'s laſt Tenets, and *Geneva* Bibles,
Deliver us, &c.

From a Mob *Jus-divinum*, with Noiſe and much Nonſenſe,
From acting quite contrary to Goſpel, and known Senſe,
From ſerving Two Maſters with a very good Conſcience,
Deliver us, &c.

From a Foreign Supply of Burnt-brandy Sots,
From Setling Three Kingdoms by Parliament Votes,
From Levying more Money to cut our own Throats,
Deliver us, &c.

From a General Faſt to encourage more Sin,
From playing the Old Game over agen,
From a Son, and a Rebel, ſtuft up in one Skin,
Deliver us, &c.

From Wiggiſh Cabals where Treaſon prevails,
From unjuſtly diſclaiming the True Prince of *WALES*,
From ſhort *German* Daggers, and *Proteſtant* Flails,
Deliver us, &c.

From paying vaſt Sums for Receipts for the Ptiſick,
From applying to th' K—— whilſt the Kingdom wants Phyſick,
From Ten thouſand Things more that make you Sick and me Sick,
Deliver us good Lord deliver us.